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The Winters Advocate.

DR. W. C. HARDING,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER,
Has Removed to
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Where she is prepared to make Dresses of all kinds in the LATEST STYLES. She does her work neatly and promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.
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TWO FINE NEW BILLIARD TABLES HAVE JUST BEEN SET UP.
☞ Give me a call. mi6-tf

The Candid Friend.

BY OATH BRITTLE.

I know he does not wish to be
Unfeeling or unkind;
Yet this my friend a terror is
Who always "speaks his mind."

If I am flushed, if I am pale,
"My boy," he says, "I fear
You have not very long to live,
Your end is drawing near."

I am a fool if I retire
Before the clock strikes ten;
Yet when I tarry later, I'm
The craziest of men.

The food I eat, whate'er it be,
He begs me to adjure;
"You eat too much—not half enough—
You're reckless, I am sure."

My garments never fit at all;
My hair's not trimmed aright;
My boots are always much too large,
Or else as much too tight.

(My candid friend is apt, you see,
Between extremes to range;
Ah, what a pity that his mind
Is given so to change!)

I cannot work, I cannot rest,
But he must criticise;
Yet if I ask, "What shall I do?"
He in a passion flies,

"Why do you for counsel come
To me, when well you know
That you would gladlier give heed
To stranger, or to foe?

"I give advice. It goes for naught;
You are perverse and blind;
You chafe and fret, and flout your friend,
Because he speaks his mind.

"When I am gone and troubles come,
And trials without end,
"You'll learn in sorrow what it is
To lose a candid friend."

Now, could he sometimes speak his mind
In words of honest praise,
I'd have him ever at my side
To prompt me all my days.

But experience shows that he
Who always "speaks his mind,"
Has generally most to say
When he has fault to find.

"For Mother's Sake."

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"I'm done with him. I've said so, and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced himself and my good name, and I wash my hands of him from henceforth and forever."

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage doorway, the sweet bloom and verdure of spring-time all about her, and listened to her husbands angry words.

"Oh, James," she entreated, "remember, he is our son."

"I shall make it my business to forget it from this hour; he is no son of mine."

"But, James, James, think what the end may be. What if they send him to the State Prison?"

"Let him go—he deserves it."

The angry father strode away, a hard, relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early sunshine, her poor face white with agony, her hands clutched hard together.

She could see the village spires from the cottage porch, and in the village prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about after this wise:

Dick Arnold was confidential clerk in the hardware house of Robinson & Co., at a very fair salary. A promising young fellow was Dick, bright, intelligent, and as shrewd and clever in business matters as he was genial and winning in his social relations. But his character had its weak points. In the first place, he was fond of strong drink; in the second, he had not the courage to say "No" when temptations assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured into, many a heart-ache he caused his fond mother, many a setting down he got from his over-severe father: but he did not mend his ways.

Nevertheless, his employers were fond of him, and trusted him, and winked at his short-comings.

"He's a fine fellow; he'll get his wild oats in, and do better after a while," they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned into Mr. Robinsons private office.

"Here, Dick," said that gentleman, putting a sealed envelope into the young man's hands, "I want you to take this, and deliver it to Mr. Selby, in Covington. You know the place?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Very well, mind you keep steady on your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely."

Dick put the envelope in his breast pocket, bowed himself out, and was steaming on his way to Covington in the next train.

He reached the little town just before nightfall, and feeling somewhat tired and thirsty, he dropped in at a restaurant for a drink. Ah, me, if there were no such places, how much misery, and sin, and shame would be banished from the world! But they meet us at every turn, these devil's dens, wherein men are despoiled of their earnings and their honor.

Dick went in, and stumbled right into the midst of some three or four old cronies. They leaped up and welcomed him with uproarious delight.

"Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen you for an age! Well met, 'pon my soul! Here, landlord, brandy and seltzer for four, and be spry at it."

The brandy and seltzer appeared and vanished. A broiled steak, and oysters and crackers followed, and then came rum grog to wash it all down.

By sunset poor Dick's weak head was in a whirl. When darkness fell his errand was still neglected, and he sat in the little bar-parlor, while his boon companions played cards, a hot bloom in his cheeks, an insane glitter in his handsome eyes.

"Come up, Dick, and try your luck?"

"Don't care if I do," said Dick, and at it he went.

His own purse was soon emptied, and then he never could recall how it all happened, but insane from drink and determined to retrieve his losses, he ventured to open the sealed envelope and to borrow a stake from the funds intrusted to him by his employer.

"I'll soon double it," he thought, "and then I'll replace the amount."

But he lost instead of doubling, and then swallowed more brandy in his excitement, and at the invitation of his good friends.

The end was that they made a night of it, and when the morning dawned, poor Dick found himself alone, forsaken by his friends, and the sealed envelope and its contents both gone.

The shock sobered him. He got up, and with his head beating like a trip-hammer; walked back to his native village, and seeking his employer, confessed all that had happened. Mr. Robinson was greatly provoked, and at once put the matter into the hands of the law, and Dick Arnold was arrested and sent to prison.

When the news came to his father's ears, he refused to give his son either aid or countenance.

"I'm done with him. Let them send him to the State Prison; he deserves it."

But the mother, her faithful heart going out in yearning pity for her erring boy, stood and pondered how she might save him.

In a little while she turned, and entering the pleasant cottage, went slowly up stairs, and into the chamber where her daughter Rose sat sewing on her bridal robes.

Sitting down beside her, she told her the story of her brother's trouble.

Rose understood her mother's meaning even before she could put it into words. There was a little box on the table, which contained her marriage dowry. Little by little the father and mother hoarded it in their only daughter's name, that she might not be dowerless on her wedding day.

Pretty Rose took the box and put it in her mother's hands.

"Take it, mother," she said, "and do with it as you think best."

"Heaven bless you, my daughter, but it is hard to deprive you of your marriage dowry, and your wedding-day so near."

Rose's fair cheeks bloomed like her namesakes in the little garden below, and her blue eyes lit.

"Never mind that, mother," she said. "Charlie will be willing to take me without the dowry—I am sure of it."

So Mrs. Arnold took the box and went her way. Before the day ended she had refunded the money to Mr. Robinson, the charge was withdrawn, and her boy was out of prison.

"I can't go home, mother. Father doesn't want me; he told me so," said Dick, as they stood under the green locust trees beyond the cottage lawn. "Let me go out in the world and work my way up, and then I'll come back."

She put her arms about his neck, and looked up at him with streaming eyes.

"Oh, Dick, my boy, my darling, you will do better—you will, Dick, for *mother's sake?*"

"Yes, mother, God being my helper, I will. I've caused you so much trouble, and you've always been good and gentle to me, mother. Forgive me now; I'll come back and be a comfort to you yet."

"My boy, I forgive you, and I believe in you. Here, Dick," and she drew a purse and a worn little Bible from her bosom, "take these. You may need the money; the Bible is mine, Dick—mother's Bible, don't forget that. Mother has read in it every day and night for the last thirty years. You'll think of that, Dick, and you'll read it for *mother's sake?*"

"Yes, mother."

"Every night, Dick, no matter where you may be, you will read a chapter, and get down on your knees and pray, the little prayer mother taught you, if nothing else? Promise me, Dick. Every night at ten o'clock, at that hour I shall be on my knees praying for you, my boy. I shall never miss a night, Dick, while I live; promise me *you* won't, Dick. Promise me you'll do it, for *mother's sake?*"

"Dick tried to promise, but he let his handsome head drop down on his mother's bosom instead, and wept there like a child.

As the sun set they parted.

"Good-by, my boy, and God bless you. You'll keep your promise for mother's sake."

"Yes, mother, with God's help. Good-by!"

Across the fields, with the little Bible in his bosom, and his bundle on his arm, went poor erring Dick, and down the pathway Mrs. Arnold returned to the cottage.

"I'll never give up my boy," she said. "My prayers shall prevail with God for him. He will return to us yet and be the comfort of our old age."

But her husband, bitter and remorseful of heart, laughed her to scorn.

Month followed month; summers came and went; harvests were sown and gathered in; winters heaped their white snows, and spring sunshine came and melted them.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Arnold, busy with her daily tasks, did not lose hope.

Pretty, dowerless Rose, had married and gone to live in a happy home of her own, and as the years came and went the master of the cottage, enfeebled and made helpless by disease, sorely repented of his harsh severity to his only son.

"If I had dealt kindly with him he might have done better," he said, in his remorse; "but I drove him from beneath my roof with reproaches, and now in my old age I am childless and desolate."

The mother held her peace, but every night at the appointed hour she knelt down and prayed for her wandering boy.

Just about that time the whole country was ringing with the renown of a young reformer—a man of talents and genius, who was spending the best days of his manhood for the good of his fellowmen. His eloquence, it was said, was irresistible, and thousands of erring sinners were flocking after him, as they followed the Master of old.

News came at last that this wonderful man would deliver a lecture in the village. Preparations were made, and expectation was on tiptoe. On the appointed night Mrs. Arnold went with the rest.

The speaker took the stand, and announced the subject of his discourse. It was—

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

The poor mother; her heart yearning for her own absent son, looked on and listened, blinded by swift-flowing tears. She could scarcely see the tall form of the handome speaker, but his words thrilled her heart through and through.

The audience sat spell-bound, breathless, until the lecturer drew near the close of his remarks:

"For mother's sake," he said, "That one little sentence has made me what I am. Who, in this crowded room, recognizes me? Five years ago, on just such a night as this, I was a prisoner in the old jail over yonder. My mother's love saved me from the consequences of intemperance and youthful folly, and when I parted from her under the old locust trees out there in the lane, I promised her to be a better man—*'for mother's sake!'* Neighbors and friends, you all know me now. I am Dick Arnold. I kept my promise—I have been a better man 'for mother's sake!' I wonder if my mother is here, and hears my voice to-night?"

"Oh, thank God! Oh, my boy! my boy!"

In another minute he had her in his strong arms, her gray head pillowed on his breast. She looked up at him with yearning, wondering eyes.

"Yes, I do not mistake—you are my son. Oh, Dick!"

He held her closely, tears streaming like rain over his bearded face.

"Your own boy, mother. God has made him what he is 'for mother's sake.'"

The Best Love.

Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You who are anxious to escape from the home must pause a moment and remember that this is so. It is right that the hour should come when you, in your turn, should become a wife and mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody—not a lover, not a husband—will ever be so tender or so true as your mother and father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you were cherished, protected, praised and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day. Whomsoever you marry, true and good though he may be, will, after the lover days are over and the honeymoon has waned, give you only what you deserve of love and sympathy—and usually much less, never more. You must watch and be wary, lest you lose that love which came in through the eyes because the one who looked thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were that dreadful little object, a small baby, and thought you exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so better to them always than others.—*Selected.*

Bleaching Cotton.

It is a well established fact that cotton cloth that is bleached by chemical process before it goes into market, does not wear as well as that which is unbleached, and is very liable in time to turn yellow; also it is very much harder to sew upon. I have for some years past used the unbleached in preference. Sheets and pillow cases can be made up far quicker before cotton has been wet, and allowance can be made for shringing; indeed any garment can be made if this item is borne in mind. Make a good suds of soft water and lye soap, if you have it; put the cotton cloth in cold suds, and bring it to a boil; then take the cloth or garment out, and when cool spread on the snow or grass. Have a tub of suds close by so as to dip the goods in each day. In three days they will be bleached to a snow whiteness, and keep white till worn out. This is the way our grandmothers bleached their marvelous webs of linen and damask, and it is too good a practice to be forgotten, or go out of use. When the apple trees are in bloom, spread out garments that have turned yellow, after boiling in such suds, and they will be cleansed white as snow.—*Letter to Country Gentleman.*

NEVER DO IT.—Never reply to father saucily.

Never speak to mother unkindly.

Never act ugly to brother or sister.

Never correct father or mother when they are telling anything in public.

Never steal anything, or tell an untruth, or speak ugly words, or circulate scandal.

Never seek play when you can be more usefully employed.

"Never say, "I can't," or "Let Jim," or "I don't want to," when told to do anything.

Never go to sleep without prayer, as it may be the last chance you will have.

Never omit an opportunity to do a kind work.—*Sunday School Herald.*

ICING.—The whites of three eggs, one pound of pulverized sugar; flavor with vanilla and spread in layers like jelly cake.

A Miraculous Escape.

A remarkable instance occured during the run of the express train over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, due here from Chicago at 12 o'clock last night. Among the passengers was a lady named Dixon, with a family of eight children, seven boys and one girl, the age of the eldest of the former being fourteen years. As the train sped toward Milwaukee the children one by one dropped into a sound slumber, until all were asleep. The train passed Lake Station, and was flying over the rails at the rate of fully thirty miles an hour, when the mother missed her eldest boy from his seat, and looking in the direction of the door of the car, caught a glimpse of his slender form as it passed through and out upon the platform. She hurried after him as quickly as possible, but before she could reach the platform he was gone. He had stepped off the car and plunged into the abyss of darkness that shrouded the train and its surroundings. The poor woman became frantic with grief when she realized that her idolized son, the oldest of her interesting flock, had encountered a danger from which the chance from escape from certain death was perhaps but one out of one hundred. The remaining occupants of the car were also terror stricken to such an extent that steps were instantly taken to find the conductor, with the view of having the train stopped and backed to the scene of the accident. By the time this could be accomplished, however, Milwaukee was so close at hand that the conductor concluded to make the depot and send a party of yard men to search the track for the lad. A switch engine was accordingly dispatched, which proceeded as far as Lake Station, where the youth was found wandering about upon the platform in a state of bewilderment, rubbing his eyes, and feeling of his shoulder and head, which had sustained slight scratches and bruises. Beyond these not the slightest injury could be discovered. The lad could give no account of his singular action. He knew only that he had fallen asleep in the car with his brothers and sister, and was awakened by the shock of striking the earth upon his shoulders. The violence of the concussion caused him to roll over and over down the slight embankment of the road bed, and by the time he could collect his scattered senses and regain his feet the train was out of sight. Not knowing which way to proceed, he wandered along the track at random, and soon reached the platform of Lake Station, where he had concluded to remained until daybreak, when the rescuing party came up. The joy of the mother on finding her boy safe and sound can better be imagined than described. He had passed through a terrible ordeal in a somnambulistic state, and escaped without a sprain or a fracture, and no discomfort beyond that occasioned by a few scratches and bruises. Mrs. Dixon is en route from Montreal to Manitoba, in the British possessions, where her husband is at present engaged as a contractor. She remained in the city until this afternoon, when the journey to the new home in the far Northwest was resumed. The story of the wonderful escape spread like wildfire on the South Side, and resulted in making the mother and her family objects of interest during their stay.—*Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

Saved!

The following is a true story, the moral of which will soon be found by those who read it.

A young man in one of the sea-board cities, the son of respectable parents, had run the usual downward course of tippling and steady drinking, until he had become a confirmed drunkard. He was without work, money or friends, and had fallen so low as to go from office to office, borrowing a dollar here or a quarter there to keep himself alive and drunk.

He had been a lad of high promise; frank, warm hearted and intelligent. One night he lay asleep on a heap of boxes in a hat manufactory. The owner of the manufactory—an energetic business man, burdened with the cares of a large family—passed him. Something in the poor drunken face appealed to the man. It reminded him, too, that when he was a boy, this boy's father had held out a helping hand to him.

"I cannot see his son go down to ruin while I stand idle by," he thought.

He knew that the work he proposed to undertake was not to be done in a day; neither would pleadings, or reason, or even prayers accomplish it. He took the poor drunkard home with him. For one month he kept him in a locked room of his house, gave him his own personal care, would not allow him a drop of liquor, nursed him through two violent attacks of delirium tremens, and when the inebriate was able to go out, accompanied him, as a jailer would a prisoner, or a nurse an infant. He would not trust him an instant alone.

"He has blunted his own will and reason; I will substitute mine until they return to him," he said.

Any business man can appreciate the sacrifice which such a charge entailed upon this man. It is a literal fact that for one year either this merchant or his son kept the lad in their sight by night and by day. At the end of that time he was "clothed and in his right mind."

This happened years ago, and the poor drunkard is now an active citizen, honored and happy in the city where he once was lost and was found.

Drunkards meet us at every step in our way, but what do we do to save these souls from death? The task may be difficult, but the reward is great.—*Youth's Companion.*

Nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour.

Who Stole Stewart's Body?

This is an age of surprises. We very much regret to say it, but we have evidence in our possession which points strongly to Whitelaw Reid, Rev. Talmage and George Francis Train as the violators of Mr. Stewart's grave. It is hard to think of these gentlemen, who have heretofore occupied such high positions in social and literary circles, as ghouls, grave robbers and human hyenas, and yet the evidence against them cannot well be set aside. For instance. On the night of the outrage Mr. Talmage left home at the usual hour; about half-past ten, informing his wife that he was going over to New York to pick up a few facts for his next sermon. Mrs. Talmage remarked that this thing was getting a trifle thin, or something to that effect, but finally gave her consent, and Mr. Talmage was off, whistling, "O, I'm one of the Boys Myself." His hour for returning from these nocturnal excursions, Mrs. Talmage states is about three o'clock A. M. Did the gentleman return at that hour on that fatal morning? He did not. He did not get home until after daylight. Perhaps the gentleman can account for his strange tardiness on this morning of all mornings, and we know of no better place for him to do this than in the open court.

Now for Mr. Train. A spade was undoubtedly used to remove the earth from the casket that held the remains. Now observe. One week before Mr. Stewart's remains were stolen, Mr. Train stepped into a hardware store in New York and purchased a short-handled spade, telling the salesman that he would call on the following Saturday and pay for it. The salesman said they did a strictly cash business, but Mr. Train pulled out a pocket blackboard, and showed him that the age had evoluted beyond the cash system, and intimated that if he was not permitted to purchase the spade on true business principles, he would cut the psychologic wire between the establishment and its patrons, and it would certainly shoot the Niagara of bankruptcy before sunset the next day. He was permitted to take the spade. As if additional evidence were needed against Mr. Train, our attention has been called to the fact that on the day before the ghastly robbery, he was seen sitting on his accustomed bench in Madison Square, and was heard to repeat the following lines from the graveyard scene in Hamlet:

"A pick-axe, and a spade,
For,—and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

Now let us turn our attention to Mr. Whitelaw Reid. It will be remembered that a copy of the New York *Herald* was found the morning of the robbery at; or near, the violated tomb. Now mark the following facts. On the evening preceding the morning of the dastardly outrage, Whitelaw Reid was seen going into the *Tribune* beer saloon, reading a copy of the New York *Herald* of the same date as the one found. A few moments later Mr. Reid emerged from the saloon, looked cautiously about him, and when he supposed no one was watching, placed three cardamon seeds in his mouth, and walked rapidly away.

These are the rock-ribbed and everlasting facts. We leave the rest to the police and Judge Hilton, who offered the reward. Address as usual.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Singing in Trouble.

Mr. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," gives a touching illustration of the influence of songs when the mind is troubled or depressed. The party had been in great danger, and had passed through severe fighting. Frank Pocock, the sunniest of them all, and the best loved, broke into a strain of singing:

"The home-land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes and weary feet
Rest on that happy shore."

"Mr. Stanley said, "Frank, you will make every boy cry with such tunes as that. Choose some heroic tune." "All right, sir," he replied, with a bright face, and struck up,—

"Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high."

"Ah, Frank," said Mr. Stanley, "it isn't the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way."

"How do you like this, sir?"

"'My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."'"

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song." He responded by singing,—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before."

Mr. Stanley adds, "I saw that he was in a serious and religious vein of mind, and refrained from disturbing him farther."—*Youth's Companion.*

HAPPINESS.—No person ever lived who at all times had everything he desired; but it is generally said that the nearer a person is supplied with all he desires the happier he is. Perfect happiness, according to this standard, would, therefore, be when a person has everything his heart desires. And, to attain to this perfection, it would, of course, be the same whether he would confine his wants within the supply, or expand the supply to cover all the wants. But, unfortunately, the wants of man generally increase with the supply, always keeping far in advance of it. Hence, happiness is, like "Will-o'-the-wisp," always ahead of us.

Eight young Chinamen are attending school in Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. In the same school there are twenty-two sons of ministers and four sons of missionaries.

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE

EDITOR,.....Dr C NORWOOD

SATURDAY.....DEC. 14 1878

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
....	....	....	....	....	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	....	28	29	30
....	....	....	....	....	....	....

LIST OF YOLO CO. POSTOFFICES.

Woodland, (County Seat)	Louis Walker
Winters	L. Moody
Grafton	N. J. Pyatt
Yolo	Geo. F. Whery
Davisville	L. C. Drummond
Mattson	Henry Cramer
Cache	E. E. Perkins
Black's Station	O. S. Huston
Dunnigan	Z. J. Brown
Plainfield	A. Woldorf

ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

And what can we say about this time that will interest our readers, and (if but for a moment) to change the current of your thoughts? You have now been three hundred and fifty five days, (since 1877 left us) squirming, kicking, floundering, finding fault with somebody or something, fretting, pining, whining, and all just because others can't see from your standpoint, see things as you see them. Can you not see the nugacity of trying to mould other minds after your own? Every person's mind is moulded in accordance with its conditions and surroundings, while in a plastic state. 'Tis true there are a few minds that never grow out of that plastic condition, as for instance, Mrs. Tilton, when she was under the influence of that august mind, H. W. B. She saw things just as he saw them, and all was lovely; but as soon as she was brought under the influence of her husband, then she saw things in another light, and she so stated them. If the woman told two stories, she was not to blame; her plastic will was under the control of others. Thus, instead of condemning her and turning her out of the church into the beggarly elements of the world, (if their object is as they claim it, that of saving souls) then the Great Divine light should have shed his refulgent rays around her, and thus won her back to the fold from which they so ruthlessly thrust her. It shows how little they understand the laws of God they profess to teach. Learn a lesson from this, and if others can't or don't see things as you see, have charity, and at least give them credit for having minds of their own. We are too apt to judge others from our own standpoint, without regard to what that standard is. Judge of men from the principles they evolve, and not from any professions they may make. A man may be a moral man, and yet be dishonest in all his business transactions; he may be a religionist, or PROFESSED Christian, and yet be the veriest scoundrel that lives. Men are not always what they profess to be. It needs no argument to prove this; all we have to do is to glance at the various departments or business relations of life; and name one of them all, if you can, in which there has not been a perfect system of rascality practiced. Knavery and robbery seem to flourish in high places, and nine cases in ten the unsuspecting public are shocked by the announcement that the robbery has been committed by one LEAST SUSPECTED. Why? Because he was so temperate, so moral, such an exemplary man, and belonged to the church. "Why, I would have trusted him with anything; I would as soon have doubted myself," &c. Yes, and during all these years, the rascal has simply worn the GARB OF THE SHEEP, expressly for the purpose of getting A TASTE OF YOUR MUTTON—"and he got it." But how are we to prevent being deceived by this class of men? By the method as prescribed above, viz: By the principles they evolve, or in other words, "By their fruits shall ye know them." When you see a person "extra moral," "extra religious," or "extra smart," you may know that they will bear watching, therefore watch, examine their fleece, and see whether it belongs to a sheep or a swine; if you are not positive, pierce the skin and see whether it brings forth a bleat, a squeal or grunt. Then you may understand their nature, and the amount of stubborness you have to contend with.

And now, as we have slightly elevated your combative powers, we will leave you in your glory, and let you find fault with us the remainder of the year. We wish you God speed and a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

ORANGE CULTURE

Los Angeles—Here and There

WINTERS, Dec 18 1878.

MR EDITOR:—It is often supposed by people newly arrived in California, and, in fact, by some who have been years residents of the State, and who either reside or have interests in Southern California, that THERE is altogether the mildest and most tropical part of the State. I have often written articles to correct this mistaken idea, to call it by no harsher term, and have shown that we have right here, and along the foot-hills that lie to the West of the Valley of the Rio de Las Putas, or what is commonly called Putah Creek, and along that fertile valley itself, a few miles below the mouth of Putah Canyon, one of the earliest, if not the earliest, portions of the State, and one of the mildest in its climate, as I will again proceed to show. In a late number of the San Francisco Morning Call, I find the following dispatch from Los Angeles:

LOS ANGELES, December 14.—The hardest frost which has been known here for many years, prevailed last night. Water exposed in basins and other shallow vessels froze to the thickness of an inch, in some localities, and many hydrants were found to be frozen up this morning. The young orange trees in the nurseries suffered considerably, and the banana trees, except those in low localities, are badly nipped.

This it will be noted, was on Saturday night or Sunday morning; there, in tropical Los Angels, the ice froze to the thickness of ONE INCH; here, near my well, in a tub containing three or four inches of water, the ice was just ONE QUARTER of an inch thick. There, the "young orange trees in the nurseries suffered considerably;" here, in my garden, fully exposed, without any protection, I have several young seedling orange trees, from one to two feet high, that suffered no damage at all from the frost, nor have they during all the frosts of the season, thus far; and my potatoes and peas, that are up to three to six inches high, have not been hurt by the frost.

Again, oranges ripen here several weeks before they do at Los Angeles; the Wolfskills (our Wolfskills, not the Wolfskills at Los Angeles,) have been shipping oranges to the San Francisco market for a week or two past. The oranges generally begin to ripen here about the middle of November. How is it in Los Angeles? If we recollect aright, their first oranges do not come into market until about the first of January. Oranges are now quoted in San Francisco market at $30 to $40 per thousand.

Oranges thrive and do well as far north as Marysville; most of the fine gardens here are ornamented with this beautiful golden fruit. A good many have been planted the past year, in this vicinity, and so far promise well. In Sacramento there are some very fine bearing trees. The Sacramento Bee of the 17th inst. has the following notice of the orange products of that region: "That the culture of various kinds of semi-tropical and also tropical fruits is proving a success in the foot-hills, is demonstrated by a display of fine oranges which were brought down to this city by Frederick Birdsall, a gentleman who has been doing and is still doing much to encourage the growth of fruit in the foothills. The fruit is from the following ranches and of these varieties: C. M. Silva & Son, New Castle, who present the San Gabriel variety; John F. Curtz, Ophir, Placer county, seedlings; D A. Rice, Newcastle, seedlings; W. Hathaway, Ophir; Dr. J. R Crandall, Auburn, seedlings—1 200 oranges picked from one tree; Rev. N R. Peck, seedlings, trees 15 years old and bearing seven years; Mr Goodrich, Newcastle, seedlings; J W Smythe, Horseshoe Bar, Placer county, seedlings; M. Andrews, Auburn, seedlings, grown on dry slate soil, without irrigation; Dr. J. M. Fray, Bellevue, Newcastle, "St. Michael" variety. These oranges include various varieties of the thick and thin-skinned, all deliciously fragrant, and equal in flavor to any of those grown in any portion of the State—rather more pleasant to the taste, in fact, than most of those grown this season in some of the Southern counties." The Marysville Appeal notices an orange tree in that vicinity, containing "over two hundred beautiful oranges." And the Oroville Mercury recently acknowledges the receipt of some mammoth oranges from J. B. Ketchum, of Bidwell's Bar, some of them measuring 15¾ inches, and weighing 2¾ pounds, and says when the tree from which these were taken blossomed last Spring, its branches were laden with 600 oranges of the previous crop. Since that time Mr K has plucked 300 of them, and estimates that there are now hanging upon the limbs 300 of nineteen months' growth, and 653 of this season's crop. The tree is 24 years of age—probably the oldest in the county—and measures fully fourteen inches in diameter at the butt. This shows that oranges CAN be grown in OTHER regions besides Los Angeles, or Southern California.

Southern California can excel Northern California in one thing, viz: a less amount of rain, their average being about nine inches per annum; ours, over 20 inches.

Yours, T. HART HYATT.

An exchange says: "The heat was recently so intense in Arizona, that a thermometer failed to register it on the sandy trail, it being 120 in the shade. A mail carrier, seeing that his horse became restive, and was apparently in much pain, on examination found the flesh around the upper part of the hoof thoroughly roasted. In a few minutes the beast dropped exhausted and died."

Sequoia Trees in California.

The trees in most of the small northern groups have been counted. Those of the Calaveras number twelve or thirteen hundred; in the Tuolumne and Merced groups there is less than one hundred; in the well known Mariposa grove, about six hundred; and in the North Kings River group less than half as many; but the Fresno group, the largest congregation of the north, occupies an area of three or four square miles.

The average stature attained by the Big Tree, under favorable conditions, is perhaps about 275 feet, with a diameter of twenty feet. Few full grown specimens fall much short of this, while many are twenty-five feet in diameter, and nearly 300 feet high. Fortunate trees, so situated as to have escaped the destructive action of fire, are occasionally found measuring thirty feet in diameter, and very rarely one that is much larger.

Yet so exquisitely harmonious are even the very mightiest of these monarchs in all their proportions and circumstances, there never is anything overgrown or huge looking about them, not to say monstrous; and the first exclamation, upon coming upon a group for the first time, is usually, "See what BEAUTIFUL trees." Their God-like grandeur, in the meantime, is invisible, but to the loving eye it will be manifested sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses like the grandeur of Niagara, or some lofty Yosemite dome. Even the mere arithmetical greatness is never guessed by the inexperienced, as long as the tree is comprehended from a little distance, in one harmonious view. When, however, we approach so near that only the lower portion of the trunk is seen, and walk round and round the wide, bulging base, then we begin to wonder at their vastness and seek a measuring rod.

Sequoias bulge considerably at the base, yet not more than is required for beauty and safety; and the only reason that this bulging is so often remarked as excessive, is because so small a section of the shaft is seen at once. The real taper of the trunk, beheld as a unit, is perfectly charming in its exquisite fineness, and the appreciative eye ranges the massive columns, from the swelling muscular instep to the lofty summit, dissolving in a crown of verdure, rejoicing in the unrivalled display of giant grandeur and giant loveliness.

About a hundred feet or more of the trunk is usually branchless, but its massive simplicity is relieved by the fluting bark furrows, and loose tufts and rosettes of slender sprays, that wave lightly on the breeze and cast flecks of shade, seeming to have been pinned on here and there, for the sake of beauty alone.

The young trees wear slender, simple branches all the way down to the ground, put on with strict regularity, sharply aspiring at top, horizontal about half way down, and drooping in handsome curves at the base. By the time the sapling is five or six hundred years old, this spiary, feathery, juvenile habit merges into the firm, rounded dome form of middle age, which in turn takes on the eccentric picturesqueness of old age. No other tree in the Sierra forests has foliage so densely massed, or presents outlines so firmly drawn and so constantly subordinate to a special type. A knotty, angular, ungovernable looking branch, eight or ten feet thick, may often be seen pushing out abruptly from the trunk, as if sure to throw the outline curves into confusion, but as soon as the general outline is approached, it stops short, and dissolves in spreading cushiony bosses of law abiding sprays, just as if every tree were growing underneath some huge invisible bell glass, against whose curves every branch is pressed and moulded, yet somehow indulging so many small departures, that there is still an appearance of perfect freedom.

The foliage of the saplings is dark bluish green in color, while the older trees frequently ripen to a warm yellow tint, like the libocedrus. The bark is rich cinnamon brown, purplish in younger trees, and in shady portions of the old, while all the ground is covered with brown burrs and leaves, forming color masses of extraordinary richness, not to mention the flowers and underbrush that brighten and bloom in their season.—[John Muir, in Harper's Magazine for November.

A Tyrannical Governor.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 7.—The newly elected Governor of Jalisco, Senor Riestra, a firm partisan of Vallarte, has decreed an extraordinary tax of 1 per cent on all real estate and capital. This in addition to the regular onerous taxes. Convinced of the injustice and hardship of this tax, the merchants of Guadalajara and other towns in the State, telegraped to President Diaz their protest, and asked protection from the general government. No answer to the appeal has been received, however, and when this tax was being collected, all who protested against it were at once imprisoned by Gov. Riestra. The merchants who signed the telegram to the President were all imprisoned without delay. On the evening of the 3rd instant, the people of Guadalajara held a mass meeting on the public square, to protest against these outrageous proceedings. The intolerant Governor, to convince the people of Guadalajara that they had no rights whatever, either to hold a mass meeting, or to protsst any act of his, ordered a detachment of troops out of the Government palace. These troops drew up in a line, and without the elightest warning, fired upon the people, killing several prominent merchants. It is reported that one of the slain was an English merchant.—[S. F. Chronicle.

Two expert Belgian smugglers recently ran the blockade at Messincourt, with 1,200 pounds of tobacco. It was concealed in a carriage with armorial bearings, two fine horses and a laced coachman, who cried out, "This is the Count of Flanders' carriage" with such dignity that the officers shrank back, after taking a respectable perfunctory glance towards the occupants, two ladies dressed in black, who afterwards proved to be dummies, with waxen heads.

Some young ladies are opposed to the Telephone. They say they do not care to have any young man whispering in their ears with his mouth twenty miles away.

They had been engaged about fifteen minutes, and she nestled her head under the shadow of his monumental shirt collar, and whispered: "And now what will you to call me, Algernon?" "Birdie," he whispered rapturously, while his voice trembled with emotion, "always and ever nothing but Birdie!" And she fairly cooed with delight. He kept his word, although, with the growing precision of middle age, he has become specific, and does not deal in sweeping generalities any more, and so it was that day before yesterday a neighbor, going in the back way, to borrow the ax, a cup of sugar and the cistern pole, heard him call her an old "sage hen."

A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish, who had just lost her husband, in order to offer consolation; and upon her earnest inquiries as to the re-union of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in that fact, and when she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No, they will be united at once." He was meditating upon the happiness of being able to offer relief of faith, when she suddenly broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming sadly: "Well, his first wise has got him by this time."

Singular, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hair pins, or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he plunks it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for his stomach's sake?

Starting a Boy.

A lonesome looking boy was hanging round a wood yard in the northern part of the city, when the owner of the yard, having both charity and philanthropy for boys with tears in their eyes, asked the lad why he didn't peddle apples, or do something to earn a few shillings. The boy replied that he had no capital, and the wood yard man took out a nickel and said:

"Now, my boy, I'm going to start you in life. Take this nickel and go and make a purchase of something or other. I'll buy it of you for ten cents, no matter what it is. Come, now, let's see what sort of a business head you have on you."

The boy took the nickel and went off, but in ten minutes was back with a gallon jug, which he had purchased with the nickel.

"Well, you are a keener," replied the man. "I never saw one of those sold for less than fifteen cents to anyone. I want such a jug, and here's its fair price. Go now, and lay out your fifteen cents in apples, and I'll buy half your stock."

The boy didn't return. Perhaps he fell into a sewer somewhere; but you can't make the woodman believe so. When he lifted the jug from under the table, where the boy had carefully placed it, he found a hole in the bottom large enough to let in a black and tan terrier.—[Detroit Free Press.

A man broke a chair over his wife's head, last week. When he got to jail, and the chaplain undertook to talk to him, he displayed a good deal of penitence. He said he was very sorry that he had permitted his anger to obtain the mastery over him, and to suffer him to do such an act, because it was a good chair—one of those good, old-fashioned Windsor chairs, which was an heirloom in his family, and he knew he could never replace it.

A bee master at Kenrick, England, wanting to sell his hives, advertised: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than 140,000 head, with unlimited right of pasturage." The trick succeeded admirably.

COLUMBIA (S. C.), Dec 17.—Gov. Hampton's condition has improved decidedly in the past 24 hours, and this evening he expressed the opinion that he had passed the crisis.—[S. F. Chronicle.

Various Items.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1862.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven, in 1687.

Edison has an income of $60,000 a year, from his patents.

A 1,500 pound cheese brought $168, at Therese, N. Y., lately.

Including transient visitors, it is believed that the attendance of the Protestant churches of Chicago, amounts to 50,000, and that of the Catholic churches to 40,000.

The new method of instruction in the Boston Primary schools does away with the formal study of grammar; lessons in composition, in the use of capitals, in letter writing, and in the arrangement of sentences, will take its place.

The New Orleans "Times" claims that the channel, produced by the Eads jetties, is now almost as good as the entrance to New York harbor, the largest vessels passing through it with ease. Ocean freights have been greatly reduced in consequence.

The Jews first settled in America about the year 1650. From that time until the beginning of the present century only six congregations had been established. At present it is estimated that there are at least 300 congregations and between 250,000 and 300,000 Jews in the United States.

A political speaker accused a rival of "unfathomable meanness," and then, rising to the occasion, said: "I warn him not to persist in his disgraceful course, or he will find that two can play at the same game."

NEW ANNOUNCEMENT!!

ON THE FIRST DAY OF JAN., 1879,

WE SHALL DISCONTINUE

OUR CREDIT SYSTEM

AND DO ALL BUSINESS ON A

CASH BASIS,

Believing this is the only way to place Cash and Credit Customers on equality. We shall therefore

MARK ALL GOODS DOWN TO CASH FIGURES

By that time. It will be our aim to compete with all dealers in quality of Goods and Prices, and to sell at

THE LOWEST POSSIBLE FIGURES.

If, by agreement, Credit shall be given,

Interest will be charged on All Bills, after a Specified Time.

WE HAVE ADOPTED CASH CHECKS

To use in our business, and are confident that our customers WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE to use them in payment for Goods.

HARLING, LOWRY & Co.

WINTERS, Dec 14, 1878.

MISCELLANEOUS

COUNTY OFFICERS.

District Judge	S. C. Denson
Court Reporter	Wm. J. Davis
Court Commissioner	R. F. Davinson
County Judge	E. R Bush
Sheriff	Casey Barney
Under Sheriff	J. E. Manly
Clerk and Auditor	D. M. Burns
Deputy Clerk	J. N. Freeman
Recorder	W Megeesen
Deputy Recorder	J. N. Newell
District Attorney	C. H. Granville
Assessor	R. H. Pearson
Treasurer and Tax Collector	A C Sean
School superintendent	H. S Pendegast
Surveyor	James O'Farrell
Public Administrator	S L. Monde
Coroner	P. Kreilenber

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL,

Elmira, Solano Co., Winters, Yolo Co., and Madison, Yolo Co. California.

ALL OUR STOCK PURCHASED DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS. nov24-tf

WOOD! WOOD!

One-Half Cord of Good Wood

Will Pay for the ADVOCATE for ONE YEAR.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE ADVOCATE.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FOR VOLUME 4, COMMENCING NOVEMBER 2ND, 1878

SILVEY'S HOTEL.

Suisun, Solano Co., Cal.

FRANK SILVEY, - Proprietor.

GOOD BOARD,

COMFORTABLE ROOMS,

MODERATE CHARGES.

Persons Coming to Suisun Will find it to their especial interest to call on me.

A well supplied Bar in the House. nl4-tf

WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Occidental Hotel,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS, CAL.

D. P. EDWARDS, : Proprietor

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF

This Favorite Hotel

I AM NOW PREPARED TO OFFER THE TRAVELING AND RESIDENT PUBLIC,

First-Class Board.

LARGE AND WELL FURNISHED ROOMS BY THE

DAY OR WEEK.

The Table

WILL BE AT ALL TIMES SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

No Chinese Cooks Employed. feb23-tf

Parker House

RAILROAD STREET, BET. MAIN AND RUSSELL, WINTERS.

FIRST-CLASS

Board and Lodging

—BY THE—

DAY OR WEEK,

AT REASONABLE RATES

AT THE BAR

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND THE CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS. je1-tf

HARLING, LOWRY & CO.,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES,

And in fact every ning that is to be found in a well regulated General Merchandise Store.

PURCHASERS OF

Wool and Grain.

TIME TABLE

V. V. AND C. I. R. R.

TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, NOV. 11th 1878.

SOUTH. No 1	No. 3		NORTH. No. 2	No. 4
A M 7. 30	P M 3 10	Depart Madison arrive Winters " All-adale, "	A M 11 50	P M 4 30
A M 10 4 30	P M 6 07	Arrive Elmira, " Vacaville, "	A M 8 7. 40	P M 10.40

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

THE REGULAR MEETING OF DAMOCLES LODGE NO 33, K P takes place every 1st and 3rd THURSDAY of each month, at 7 o'clock, sharp.

By the order of
EDWARD FISHER, C C.
W. P. WOMACK K of R and S
n 16 8 tf.

POST OFFICE NOTICE

Mail closes daily at the Post Office at Winters for Madison and Capay at 11:30 o'clock, A M. daily.

For Sacramento, North and East, and San Francisco, South and West, daily at, 2:30 o'clock P M.

OFFICE HOURS.

Post Office open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 8 P. M. and 7 o'clock, P. M. to 9 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

Open from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock A. M.

dec1 LORENZO MOODY, Postmaster.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Wednesday, 18th, cool and clear Very dry, and sickness prevails o'er the land. Since Winters was a town, there has been no time when there were so many complaining as at the present time. Many wonder why it should be so sickly, when it is so pleasant and cool. This is the very kind of weather, after a long dry spell, to bring sickness. "Electricity is life," and whenever the atmosphere is dry, it lacks that life-giving element; consequently, those who are coustitutionally weak, or diseased in any manner, feel it first, but it will finally lay low the strongest constitution.

An extremely polite man, passing a hen that was laying, said: "Don't rise, Madam."

A sign posted up in a Wisconsin sawmill reads: "The saws are running; no use to touch them to convince yourselves."

An Iowa paper gives a thrilling account of the efforts of a young man to take home a widow and three swarms of bees at the same time in a wagon.

Frazee aid is re-building his house; those fierce north winds made it tremble so that it scared the boy. He is having the ceiling braced, a thing which ought to have been done when the house was built.

"Billdad the Scribe" called to see us last Tuesday. We were somewhat surprised to see him so soon, after reading in the Woodland Democrat an account of his departure on a long hunt, and his troubles with his jinny mule. He looked cheerful and happy, for a man that had such a narrow escape.

Every day we have evidence that the small boy has no soul The other day a crowd gathered around a farmer whose wagon load of butter and eggs was fast in a mud hole, and while some suggested that he pull his horse out, and others that he pull him haw, the ever-present small boy yelled: "It's no use, mister. Yer old hoss ain't stout enough. Take him out, and hitch in a roll of yer butter." —[Oil City Derrick.

Election of Officers.

At a regular convention of Damocles Lodge No. 33 K of P. held Thursday evening, Dec. 19, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: C C, V. Morris; V. C., C. H. Northcutt; M. of E, J A Henderson; M. of F., J. W. Lowry; K. of R. and S., W. P. Womack, 3d Fisher, of Vacaville, presiding as Chancellor Commander The officers will be installed on January 2), 1879.

The timbers are all in place, the railroad track is laid, and the old timbers cut from beneath, so that the bridge now stands upon its own foundation. By the 1st of January next all will be finished, and the union between Yolo and Solano counties complete.

Fire at Madison,

The residence of Henry Troppe, Madison, was destroyed by fire, on Saturday last. This is another case of defective stove pipe setting fire to the roof When the inmates saw it would be impossible to save the building, they turned attention to saving the furniture, after which they succeeded in unhinging the doors and removing the sash.

Pope Pius was worth $32,000,000 when he died. Huh! No wonder. It was easy enough for him to get rich, he had such a clean monopoly; the only pope in the business in the whole world.

"Be a man or a mouse," says an old adage. This isn't fair; it doesn't give a fellow a show, for who wants to be a mouse, and have every woman he approaches climbing up on a chair, or jumping over the piano, or when he isn't thinking about it setting traps for him. It's too one-sided, is that adage, and leaves a fellow no choice except to be a man.—[Keokuk Constitution.

Passed To Higher Life.

Effie D. Briggs, daughter of Abiel and —— Briggs, aged 20 years and 11 months

There is no age or condition in life exempt, when the summons comes for a change. Scarcely had the father of this young lady been put out of sight, when she was taken with the same or a similar disease, and summoned to follow. She was a young lady of more than ordinary promise had nearly finished her education and had endeared herself to a large circle of acquaintances, by her social, winning ways Many a young lady will mourn their absent companion and sister; yet we say mourn not. She has only gone a few days in advance; soon to her beautiful home you will all be welcomed.

Theodore Winters' Horses

A reporter of the San Francisco "Call" visited Theodore Winters' horse breeding farm, on Putah Creek, near Winters, and writes a long description, of which the following is an extract: "The weanling colts and fillies prove conclusively that so far the place on the banks of the Putah cannot be excelled as a nursery for young thoroughbreds They are so well grown, that if they were located in some districts of the East, where only trotters are bred, they would be mistaken for yearlings; but a person that had never seen a thoroughbred would know they were a different race from those he had been acquainted with; the heads as clearly cut as the engraving on an ancient gem; the lissome limbs, the intelligent eye, the whole form denoting speed and power. Taken together, they are the finest collection of weanlings the writer ever saw, and he has been on nearly all the main breeding farms of the East. It is, as a majority, exceptionally good, and the colt by Norfolk, out of Marion, and the the one by the same sire, out of Lady Jane, are perhaps entitled to the first place in the collection; but so uniform are they, it is invidious to make comparisons, and by another season there may be such a change as would be unfavorable to the favorites selected."

A Terrible Slaughter.

The other day, six young men in the bloom of manhood, chartered the prancing bays of our capitalist, Mr. Forward, and started out, the gayest of the gay, for an all day's hunt;

While their canteens were full,
The boys all felt gay;
When the benzine gave out,
They'd but lit le to say.

However, the spirits held out well, and the boys hunted on until nearly two o'clock, ere they saw any game at all. As the day was windy, the game kept close in the chapparal. At length a shout went up from one of the party, and the discharge of fire-arms. Had the young man known the fatal results of that shout, he probably never would have made it. The shout and the discharge of fire-arms were occasioned by the foolhardy attempt of a quail to fly past the hunters After the shout, the quail was seen to waver, and sinking lower and lower, dropped into a thicket of chapparal. The party went in search of the bird, and after an hour and a half, with the assistance of Forward's dog "Fannie," they found it. Then the hunters began to search to know where the bird was hit; but no marks were found. Finally the discovery was made that the bird's feathers all stood toward its head, undoubted evidence that it DIED BY FRIGHT; the SHOUT did it, and not the shot. Since this discovery, the young man says he holds himself in readiness to accompany any hunting party, for a reasonable compensation, if they will find the game. The young man is a singer in the choir, but he says he is not sure whether it is "the music" of his voice, or the "bray" part that kills!

A newly-wedded couple from the country went to smoky Pittsburg—of all places in the world!—and, for the first time in their lives, saw and bought some peanuts. "There, Mandy," exclaimed the bridegroom, after a few moments of violent suction, "I've been suckin' that darned thing for five minutes, and there ain't a bit of juice in it! Come, let's go."

From the time a boy is eight years old till he is thirteen, he devotes two solid hours of every day of his busy life to learning how to make a new kind of noise. By the time he is thirteen, he has accumulated noise enough to last him the rest of his natural life, and use three different kinds of noises the same day, too.

A clothier excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation, he replied: "If it had not been for an apple, where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?"

We call the attention of the public to the new ad. of J W King, Photographer, Woodland. We can add nothing to the ad except to say, go and see him—satisfy yourselves.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BIG CHANCE.

I offer for a short time only, to make photogrphs at very reduced prices.

Best of Stock,
No. 1 Work,
Satisfaction.

Card photos, from $1 50 to $3 per dozen
Cabinet " " $3 " $5 " "

☞ Remember, this is only for the present time, and liable to be shut down on at a short notice. As I have a large lot of stock on hand, and have to raise coin, I therefore make this reduction, not for a permanent one, but only for a short time, and advise all who want pictures to take advantage of the chance.

J. W. KING, PHOTOGRAPHER.
n 21 8 f.

Dr. W. C. HARDING,

DENTIST,

WILL BE AT

SUISUN, 1st of Jan. to 31st of Jan., 1878.

Teeth Extracted

WITHOUT PAIN,

By the use of Liquid Nitrous Oxide,

THE ONLY SAFE SLEEP PRODUCER KNOWN.

ONLY FIRST CLASS OPERATIONS SOLICITED!

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Call, or Send, and Secure your Appointments Early.

Address all Communications to Main office at Suisun. aug.16tf.

SUISUN OFFICE ON AND AFTER OCTOBER 28TH WILL BE AT RESIDENCE ON SOLANO STREET

WINTERS ADVOCATE.

WINTERS ADVOCATE

ESTABLISHED NOV. 5, 1875

$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Published Weekly

DESCRIPTIONS OF

JOB WORK,

BILL HEADS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,

POSTERS,

PAMPHLETS,

And anything in the Printing line executed in COLORS or otherwise, with

Neatness and Dispatch

—AT THE—

ADVOCATE JOB OFFICE

MAIN STREET, NEAR FIRST,

WINTERS, YOLO CO. CAL.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR VOLUMN 4.

VOLUMN NO. 4 COMMENCES NOVEMBER 22d, 1878.

WOODLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

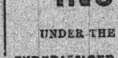
Farmers, Teamsters,

And The Public in General,

Be kind enough to remember the "Poor Cripple," by buying your TOBACCO, CIGARS, CANDY NUTS and TOYS, of

J. C. O'CONNOR,
NEXT DOOR TO BERG'S DEPOT,
Woodland, Yolo County, Cal,
And thus aid him to earn his own living.
d 7 8 f.

DIETZ & KNOX,
WOODLAND
CARRIAGE & WAGON MANUFACTORY



BUILDERS OF

OMNIBUSES, HEARSES, HACKS, PHAETONS,

LIGHT & HEAVY BUGGIES, TRACK SULKEYS, LIGHT AND HEAVY WAGONS,

IN FACT EVERYTHING FROM A NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

From one to two Years

We have on hand for sale Cheap BUGGIES AND SPRING WAGONS Which we are selling very low.

JOBBING OF ALL KINDS DONE IN BEST OF STYLE.

SETTING TIRE A SPECIALITY.

ALSO TRIMMING, PAINTING, HARNESS Making, etc., all connected and warranted. None but master mechanics employed.

☞ GIVE US A CALL. je29 3m

Hesperian College,

WOODLAND, Yolo County, Cal.

HAS A FIRST-CLASS

Telegraphic and Penmanship

INSTITUTE,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF AN EXPERIENCED TEACHER AND PRACTICAL OPERATOR.

IGNACIO BROWN,

Teacher of Telegraphy and Penmanship.

☞ SEND FOR CATALOGUE y13-2m *

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

STEAMER CAROLINE

FOR SUISUN

LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO, JACKSON Street Wharf,

WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY,

AT 9 A. M.

Returning, Leaves Suisun

MONDAY and THURSDAY,

AT 9 A. M.

FORSMAN AND FISK : AGENTS.
SUISUN.
n 98 tf.

DR. SPINNEY

No. 11 KEARNY STREET,

Treats all Chronic and Special Diseases

YOUNG MEN

WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM the effect of youthful follies or indiscretion will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of Seminal weakness or private disease of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many at the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with too frequent evacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin milkish hue, again changing to a dark and torpid appearance There are many men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness DR. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs

OFFICE HOURS—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays from 10 to 11 A M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice $5.

Call or address,
DR. SPINNEY & CO.
Kearney St. San Francisco

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

AFTER THIS DATE I SHALL BE AT Winters only on Thursday of each week for the purpose of buying grain and settling up my business.

Winters, September 14, 78. SIM BLUM. s14 tf

DIXON BREWERY

DIXON, CAL.
SIEBE & OVERHOLZER, : : Props.
SUPERIOR BEER
ALWAYS ON HAND AND
Moderate Charges.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

FLOUR!!!

THE VERY BEST

That Can be Produced for Coin.

1,000 50-Pound Sacks

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Winters Has Suffered a Financial Disaster.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE

Winters Advocate

NOW COMES TO THE FRONT

Determined to Succeed!

To Extend the Already Increased CIRCULATION;

To Give Advertisers The Benefit

Of Placing Their Goods Before The Public!

And Thus Takes the First Step To Encourage The People to Keep Their Money At Home,

Let others follow in the wake; keep their shoulders to the wheel; the BURDEN WILL MOVE, Winters Must and Will LIVE.

THE GIVE AWAY IS LIMITED TO

1,000

Sacks of 50 Pounds Each.

THIS FAMILY NECESSITY,

This Solid Comfort

Will be given to each and every subscriber (old as well as new) to Volume 4 of the ADVOCATE

Subscriptions may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express (prepaid) to Winters, or by Post Office order, payable to W. C. Harding, at Suisun. Flour will be delivered, free of freight or Express charges, at Winters, Madison, Woodland, Dixon, Elmira Vacaville and Suisun. Send in your subscriptions at once.

No Cheap Chromos,

No Out-of-date Books,

No Faded, Shelf worn Goods,

No Shoddy Plated-ware,

No Magic Lanterns or Pocket Magnifiers,

—BUT—

A Square, Honest Deal to Each and every one alike,

MADISON ADVERTISEMENTS

S. WOOTTEN and SON.

Golden State Mills,

MADISON, YOLO CO., CAL.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO FIRST CLASS milling at lowest rates.

FLOUR,
GRAIN,
CORN MEAL
GROUND FEED, Etc.

Always On Hand.

Parties at Winters and Vacaville will find it to their interest to do their milling at Madison.

ALL ORDERS ADDRESSED TO

GOLDEN STATE MILLS

Will Receive Prompt Attention aug10-tf

W. E. Fifield M.D.
Practising Physician.

OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. PROfessional calls attended with promptness Day and night.

WINTERS ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. CLARK,
Attorney-at-Law.
ADEPUTY DIST. ATTORNEY,
WINTERS,
YOLO COUNTY, c12 1y CALIFORNIA.

HUNT'S SALOON,

NEAR OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

J. W. HUNT, - - - Proprietor.

THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND Cigars, constantly on hand. Give us a call. s28 tf

NEW STORE.

MAIN STREET.....WINTERS.

FINE SUPPLY FAMILY GROCERIES—BEDrock prices—everything marked in plain figures. Cash on produce only, by this method we sell cheaper by 25 per cent than can any man that sells on a years credit. Try us.
o19-tf. ELLIOTT & CO.

THOMAS KEEFE;
PHARMACIST.

DEALER IN DRUGS AND CHEMICALS, PERfumeries, Toilet articles Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, School Books and Stationery, Havana Cigars and Tobacco.

Teeth Extracted

With care and skill, Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded night or day.

PIONEER DRUG STORE,
s11-tf MAIN STREET, WINTERS.

NURSING.

LADIES REQUIRING THE SERVIces of a Competent Ladies' Nurse, who has had several years' experience, can find one by calling on or addressing MRS. R. J. MALLI, Occidental Hotel, Winters.

WINTERS

Livery and Feed STABLE,
NORTH SIDE OF MAIN SRREET,
WINTERS,
my4-tf BOWEN BROS.

ALLEN'S
BARBER SHOP,
RAILROAD STREET, ADJOINING THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL.

Where he is prepared to do all work in his line, and hopes by

Strict Attention to Business,
TO MERIT PUBLIC PATRONAGE.

Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting AND SHAMPOOING,
A SPECIALTY.
16m1 161-tf

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,
Cor. Main and First sts. Winters.

KEEPS ON HAND FIRST CLASS GOODS AND is always prepared to do work in the latest styles and at living rates. s31-tf

FOR SALE.

ONE 4 760 POUND FETROIT SAFE; Been in use only two years.
Apply to BLUM & CO., Winters.
Or to BLUM SONS & CO., Dixon. s14-tf

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

M. C. PALMER,

—AT—

BOGGS' OLD STAND,
KEEPS A
A FULL LINE OF
GROCERIES Etc.
Highest Market Price Paid
FOR ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

FOR SALE CHEAP

WORK, DRIVING, and SAW DAY HORSES,

—AT—

ARNOLD'S SOUTH OF
DENVERTON, SOLANO CO., Cal.

Courier-Journal Rifle-Balls.

Philadelphia *Ledger*: "Are good men scarce?" No; at least not in this office. We make it a point to employ no other sort.

Controller Kelly, of New York city, asks for $30,000,000 to run the big town in 1879. The interest on the city debt alone amounted to nearly $10,000,000.

A newspaper called the *Public Good*, at Panford, California, has nominated William M. Corry, of Cincinnati, for President in 1880. Now it devolves upon Mr. Corry to stand up and say what he can do for the Public Good, or be forever silent.

One of the thieves who stole the body of millionaire Stewart dropped a coppy of the New York *Herald*. The *Herald* will now see what it has brought at least one of its readers to. Let it reform at once. Let it become permantly Democratic.

The Washington *Post* does not hesitate to characterize a young lady who recently "gave a public reading" in that city as a "recitatrist." The *Post* must have known that the lady had no big brother of her own, or it never would have dared to apply to her so opprobrious an epithet as that.

A man in Chicago recently refused an offer of $300 for a dog. You will find on investigation that in nine cases out of ten and seven-eights the man who refuses to sell a dog at that price either is satisfied that he hasn't long to live himself or laboring under the delusion that the dog is immortal.

It is said that M. Gambetta is going to marry a widow with a fortune of $8,000,000. Widows worth eight millions, and yet Mr. Tony Weller coolly bids us "bevare of the vidders!" Either Mr. Tony Weller was wholly unaware of the vast pecuniary possibilities of widowhood or Mr. Tony Weller was drunk.

The last survivor of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt has just died his first death at the Invalide in Paris. As there are of course quite a number of him, as there was of the negro that nursed Washington, he may be expected to die annually now for the next eight or ten years. If the people don't begin to grow too incredulous, he won't die out finally for a dozen years yet.

Interior *Journal*: "If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide, and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life." Of course he will run. He is going to the woods to commit suicide and not to be killed by a bull. Besides, do you suppose a man wants to have his last moments disturbed by a personal difficulty that may cost him his life?

Mr. J. H. Williams, who writes the funny things in the Norristown (Pa.) *Herald*, has just been called upon to mourn the loss of a rich old uncle in Holland. The press everywhere sympathizes with Mr. Wms.—whose name a lack of space forces us thus to abreviate here—but the same time it is glad to know that to his emotions of grief are not to be added the pangs of starvation, as the last official act of the deceased was to leave him $30,000.

"All the fish stories," says the Hartford *Courant*, "have not yet been told." Maybe not, but don't you begin to tell them, or you cant tie yourself to this exchange list with the chain-cable of the Great Eastern. Base is the slave that tells fish stories, and you will find that every newspaper that persistently does so loses half its subscribers every time it tells one. And the fellow who comes along annually with a story of the sea-serpent—the fittest offering to the gods is the assassination of such bores.

"Idaho having been overrun with rabbits," says an exchange, "and the Legislature, in order to have them thinned out, having offered a bounty of two cents a pair for their ears, the commissioners of one county alone now have in their office the ears of 19,968 rabbits. What in the name of all that is worthless will they do with them all?" We really cant tell, unless Prof. Edison can devise some plan by which they may all be utilized in the manufacture of jackasses or Cincinnati reporters, or some other animal that is all ears.

Nearly all the would-be assassins who are slinging lead around among the crowned heads of Europe are young men. As a general thing it is difficult to determine which is the greater fool, the old fool or the young fool; but when kings are to be shot at the older exhibits a glimmer of restraining intelligence that the younger never knows. At fifty the fanatic feels that life and lead are too short and scarce to be wasted in that sort of gunnery, and is quite willing to stand aside and let the favorite son of his mother-in-law usurp the honor of the case and its consequences.

The Rev. A. B. Lamberton is a candidate for Congress in the Rochester (N. Y.) district. The Rochester *Union* says he "was forced by physical disability to abandon his pious calling." If this be so—if, by preaching two or three sermons a week, he has broken down his constitution or shattered his health badly—he ought by all means go to Congress, where, in the solubrious, life giving atmosphere of the capitol, he will have nothing to do but to recline in a luxuriously-cushioned chair, and read the newspapers, now and then feeling his pulse to see how rapidly he is recovering from the effects of over work. Great sanitarium, is Congress.

They say "that some of the Washington ministers have formally entered their disapprobation of expensive and ostentatious funerals." And they are quite right, too. A gorgeous burial case, silver-mounted and satin-lined, a magnificent four-horse hearse, shadowed by costly plumes and bediamoned with plate-glass, and a row of carriages a mile long—in these, and other things quite as useless and expensive, envious eyes behold the spectacular effects of a poor fellow's "funeral obsequies," and then his bankrupt wife and children suffers a three year's famine to pay for the splendid folly. But give any reasonable man a "patent container," a two-horse hearse and hacks enough for his family and real friends—and these last are not likely to make the procession extravagantly long—and then, if he carries with him "a neat, picturesque moral character" to insure his respectable standing in the Sweet Bye-and-Bye, he will sleep just as sweetly as if you had buried him "with all the pomp and riches arrogate to deck the dust to which they yield no fear."

The Epidemic of 1878.

Dr. Choppin, of Louisiana, in his address before the Public Health Association, said that the germ hypothesis in relation to yellow fever will serve to throw light on some of its devious movements and strange behavior. Grant that a certain number of the germs is needed to produce sickness; that these germs are reproduced either inside or outside the human body; that they multiply in rapid geometrical ratio by repeated generations at short intervals; that a new generation brought to life in hot weather is not only vastly more numerous, but more energetic individually than its predecessors; that these germs are capable, both of spontaneous locomotion along the ground and other surfaces, and of transportation in the clothing of persons; grant these conditions, which are quite in harmony with the known nature of animalcular beings, and the difficulty of missing links in the chain of evidence is reduced to mere cavilling. Add to this that no germs existed from the previous year to survive the winter of 1877—'78, and that there is no suspicion of the introduction of yellow fever this year by other means than that of the Souder, and we are reduced to the necessity of fastening the guilt upon that particular vessel, unless we adopt the theory of the spontaneous production of the pestilence from local causes. The nature of these causes no one can explain, even to his own satisfaction, nor why they should exist one year rather than another, or should prevail along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico rather than the shores of the Indian Ocean. The truth is, any other theory of the *materies morbi* of yellow fever than the germ theory is speedily lost in inexplicable mystery.

Dr. Choppin then proceeded to consider the cost of the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 to the city of New Orleans. His estimate was as follows:

Estimated number of cases	25,000
Cost of ten days' sickness by each one at $3 per day	$750,000
Cost of 4,500 funerals at $25 each	112,000
Adults, two-fifths of 4,500 victims, represent each a capital value of $1,000 amounting to	1,800,000
Remaining three-fifths at $300 amount to	810,000
Loss of time of one-half the industrial population, say 20,000 people, for 90 days at $2 per day	3,600,000
Total	$7,072,000
Values destroyed by the epidemic, commercial losses by interruption of intercourse with the surrounding country, and diversion of trade to other cities	5,000,000
Total losses	$12,072,500
Estimated profits of trade during the summer months with ports where yellow fever usually prevails	$1,500,000

The difference between these two sums, say $10,572,500, represents the actual cost of the epidemic to the material resources of New Orleans. These figures, made upon a basis deemed moderate in all particulars, show that a trade during half the year with certain tropical ports, and worth to our city a million and a half of dollars, is held at a risk of more than twelve millions, the actual losses of 1878 from yellow fever. An estimate of the total losses to the United States from this epidemic has been made by Mr. A. B. Farquhar in a letter to Surgeon-General Woodworth, of the Marine Hospital Service, in which he places it at the enormous sum of $175,000,000. In this estimate no account is made of depreciation of property and future damage to the commercial prosperity of New Orleans, for they will depend greatly on the means hereafter adopted to prevent the recurrence of a similar visitation.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

How Scipio Got a Coat.

Among the clerical friends of the patriotic cause in Massachusetts none were more noted than the two prominent clergymen of Boston, Drs. Cooper and Chauncy. They were intimate friends, but very unlike in moral and mental habits. Dr. Cooper was a fluent preacher, but permitted his fondness for society to draw him away from his study. So well-known was this peculiarity that rumor said he was in the habit of walking to the South End on Saturdays, and if he saw a man riding into town dressed in a black suit, he would ask him to preach in the Brattle Street pulpit the next day.

Dr. Chauncy was an industrious student, and like many such, absent-minded, irritable and very fond of a joke. He had a slave named Scipio, a shrewd fellow, who, knowing Dr. Cooper's and his master's peculiarities, once used them both to obtain a suit of clothes to his liking.

One morning Scipio, having received his master's orders, remained standing in the study. In a few minutes Dr. Chauncy, looking up from his writing and seeing his servant asked.—

"Scipio, what do you want?"

"A new coat, massa."

"Well go to Mrs. Chauncy and tell her to give you one of my old ones, replied the doctor, resuming his writing.

Scipio remained, and once more and again the absent-minded doctor and the cunning servant went through a similar dialogue. At the fourth repetition it flashed upon the doctor that there was a sort of sameness about the conversation.

"Why, have I not told you before to ask Mrs. Chauncy to give you one of my coats? Get away!"

"Yes, massa; but I don't want a black coat."

"Not want a black coat! Why not?"

"I's afraid to tell you, massa, you's so passionate; but I don't want a black coat."

"You rascal, if I had my cane, I'd break every bone in your body! Will you tell me what you mean?" And Scipio saw the docter glancing towards the tongs.

"Well, massa, you makes me tell you, but I knows you'll be angry. I's afraid, massa, if I wear another black coat, Dr. Cooper will ask me to preach for him."

"Get out, you black rascal!" exclaimed the doctor, bursting into a hearty laugh. "Get my hat and cane, and tell Mrs. Chauncy to give you a red coat if you choose."

Away went Scipio delighted with the success of his strategy, and the doctor to tell the story to his friend Dr. Cooper.

The Swiss cantons next to Germany complain that they are overrun with vagabonds from that country, masterless men seeking work, and Socialist refugees, most of whom, being unfurnished with papers and without visible means of subsistence, are conducted back to the frontier by the cantonal police.

Moroseness is the evening of turbulence.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The export movement for the week has been the smallest for a long time, nor is there now any inquiry for shipping grades. The local demand is still small, and we note a quiet, easy market at previous prices.

We quote, Superfine common, $4 12½@$4 25; Superfine, $4 37½@$4 50; extra superfine, $4 62½@$4 75; choice and extra choice, $5 25@$5 50; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75@$5 12½.

WHEAT—Business is almost at a standstill. Clearances for the month to date embrace only five ships, carrying about 225,000 centals. Liverpool advices are more adverse. Heavy deliveries of home-grown wheat with very large receipts from America and less demand from the continent have combined to depress the English markets. New York is dull and lower. Chicago, in spite of Keene, although active is 3c to 4c off. With us there are very few sellers, but buyers are compelled to lower their bids and no business can ensue unless holders conclude to accept 2½c less than at our last report.

We quote superfine, $1 60@$1 62½; fair to choice milling, $1 67½@$1 75; shipping, $1 65@$1 72½.

BARLEY—Dealers having stocked up, and more offering at the advance, as usual, depressed the market and prices have dropped back to their old range.

We quote feed, 85c@$1 02½; (all gold); brewing, $1 10@$1 25; chevalier, $1 50@$1 80.

CORN—Offers exceed requirements and the market is weak at a decline.

We quote yellow, 95c@$1 07½; white, $1 00@$1 05.

OATS—Business has relapsed into a dull and retail character and even at lower prices there are no buyers for round lots.

We quote milling at $1 55@$1 60; good to choice feed, $1 40@$1 50; common to good feed, $1 10@$1 35.

RYE—Last sale of choice at $1 25.

We quote $1 15@$1 25.

BUCKWHEAT—Poor now sells at $1 00 and choice at $1 80.

We quote $1 00@$1 30.

MILLSTUFFS—A fair business at previous prices, except barley and bran, dearer.

Bran, per ton	15 00@16 00
Middlings, per ton	22 00@23 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold	24 00@25 00
Barley, ground, per ton, gold	25 00@26 00

HOPS—No sign of improvement. The crop is nearly all in, and stocks in store are large. Sales only possible at concessions from quotations. Overland shipments for November were 263,330 lbs.

We quote California 8@11c; Oregon and Washington Territory 6@10c.

WOOL—The market is very quiet with small receipts, and stocks light and of low grades. The City of Panama had 43,417 lbs for New York. Overland shipments last month were: San Francisco, 3,886,933 lbs, Sacramento, 634,754 lbs, San Jose, 11,343 lbs.

We quote: Northern, Fall, 10@17½; Southern, Fall, 8@13c; northern, choice, 21@22c; northern, fair to good, 19@20c; southern, fair to good, 14@18c; Eastern Oregon, 18c; Valley 20@22.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—The San Francisco Prices Current has the following:

BUTTER—The week has been one of remarkable steadiness. Fresh roll receipts have about met the demand at steady rates. The market closes strong with stocks well cleaned up. Second grade stocks all out. The future hinges on the wind, a very uncertain element; cold, like to-day, or a severe rain-storm, means an advance; but gentle, warm rains would weaken the situation in three days. Pickled shows no change. Firkin, choice, the market is bare of.

CHEESE—Smaller receipts is the only noteworthy fact.

EGGS—The market is still very unsettled, scarcely less so than at our last issue. California arrivals have been liberal, and Western large, neither excessive. There are no further deliveries of Utah, but advices from Salt Lake indicate plenty there. The irregularity extends to all kinds. One dealer holds at 2½@5c above another's selling price. Accurate quotations of course are difficult. The weather, holiday arrivals and the holiday demand govern the future. No Oregons here.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 30@32½c; common to good roll, 25@27½c; Cheese, California, 10@12½c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ₱ lb; California Eggs, 32½@47½c; Eastern, 25@32½c; Utah, 32½@35c.

HAY AND STRAW—Receipts are moderate and mostly of the lower grades. Choice is wanted at full figures.

We quote: Wheat, good to prime, ₱ ton $15 00@$16 00; wheat, fair to medium, $12 00@$12 50; oats, wild, ₱ ton, $5 50@$12 50; barley, choice, $12 50@$14 00; barley, ₱ ton, $9 00@$10 50; stock, $7 50@$10 00; straw, ₱ bale, 40@50c.

PROVISIONS—Receipts of Western lard are very large, of hams moderate. Trade is in a deep rut and no movement is expected before New Year's day.

We quote: California plain Hams, 10@11½; Eastern Canvassed C. S. Hams, 11@13c, as to brand; California Lard, 9@10c; Eastern do, 10@12c; California Bacon, 9@11c; Eastern Bacon, 9@11c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ₱ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 00 ₱ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ₱ bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH—Salmon—Under a very light demand Salmon is easy. We hardly feel like quoting lower prices.

We quote, $1 45@$1 47½ for 1-lb tins; bbl, $11; hf bbl, $6 00; all as to quality, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c ₱ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ₱ lb; Georges Cod, 9c ₱ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00@$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

POTATOES—Receipts for the week have been less than the requirements, and at the close stocks are small. The market has ruled strong with an upward tendency from day to day. But with the principal consumers, the poorer classes, money is scarce, and high values check demand. Prices are hard to advance. Poor lots are plentiful for the demand and sell low. Sweets are scarce, but the quality is poor and this with high cost cuts off demand. Onions under a better supplied market are easier. The demand is smaller than usual at the high cost.

We quote: Choice, $1 25@$1 35; Good, $1 10@$1 20; Fair, 90c@$1 00; Poor, 75c@80c; Sweet, $1 75@$2 00.

POULTRY—A very plentiful supply of game at low prices, and under the cool weather in excellent condition, replaces poultry which in consequence rules dull at easy prices.

We quote: Turkeys, alive, 15@16c; Hens, ₱ doz, $6 00@$8 00; Roosters, ₱ doz $4 50@$6 00; Broilers, ₱ doz, $3 50@$5 00; Ducks, ₱ doz, $6 00@$8 50; Geese, ₱ pair, $2 00@$2 50.

LIVE STOCK AND MEATS—Under better supply veal is easier.

We quote: Beef, first quality, dressed net, ₱ lb 5½@5½c; beef, second quality, dressed net, ₱ lb 4@4½c; beef, third quality, ₱ lb 2½@3½c; mutton, choice, dressed, ₱ lb 3@4½c; hogs, first quality, gross, ₱ lb 3½@3½c; hogs, second quality, gross, ₱ lb, 3½@3½c; hogs, dressed, ₱ lb, 5@5½c; veal, small, ₱ lb, 6@7c; veal, large, ₱ lb, 5@6c; lamb, spring, ₱ lb, —@6½c.

HONEY—The bark Anna took 609½ bbls, and 69 cases to Hamburg, and the Harvey Mills 498 cases to Liverpool. The local market is quiet, receipts are small. Overland shipments for November amount to 142,055 lbs.

We quote: Comb, 8@11c; strained, 4@6c.

BEESWAX—No change. Demand steady. We quote 25@27½c.

BEANS, DRIED PEAS.—Receipts moderate; prices still advancing.

We quote: Peas, ₱ 100 lbs, $2 75@$3 00; Butter, large, ₱ 100 lbs, $2 75@$3 00; Lims, ₱ 100 lbs, $4 00@$4 50; Red, ₱ 100 lbs, $1 75@$1 90; Pink, ₱ 100 lbs, $1 75@$1 90; Bayos, ₱ 100 lbs, $3 00@$3 25; Small, white, ₱ 100 lbs, $2 85@$2 87½; Dried Peas, ₱ 100 lbs, $1 00@$1 50.

BAGS AND BAGGING—Hand-sewed Grain Bags nominal. Large contract reported for next spring delivery at 9½c. Oat bags cheaper, also quarter flour sacks.

We quote: Machine-sewed, 22x36, 8½@9c; Hand-sewed, 22x36, 8½@9c; Gunnies, as to weight, 12@13½c; Oat bags, favorite sizes, 14@15c; Wool sacks, heavy, 50@52½c; Wool sacks, light, 47½@50c; Flour bags, ½-sacks, 4½@5c; Flour bags, ¼-sacks, 8@9c.

Face to Face with Disease.

How often it happens that although we have witnessed the ravages of disease in the case of others, we disregard his warning signals in our own. It is only when we find him face to face with us that we readily perceive how grim he is. Then, perchance, when it is too late, medicinal aid is sought. His avant courier, his forerunner, is physical weakness. Fortify the system, and you are armed against him. The finest tonic for this purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renders digestion easy and complete, nourishes the system, improves the appetite, gives strength yielding sleep, counteracts biliousness, and keeps the bowels in first rate order. Leanness, and unnatural wanness and sallowness of the face, are obviated by it, and so genial and beneficent are its effects, that not only is the body invigorated and regulated by its use, but despondency banished from the mind.

Namby Pampy Stuff.

People who depend upon a weekly paper in order to keep posted on the events transpiring in the world, do not wish to be surfeited with sensational nonsense in the shape of namby pamby scribblings styled continued stories. The WEEKLY CHRONICLE, we are glad to see, discards this class of matter which is dished up by some of its contemporaries, and while giving entertaining miscellaneous reading, including complete stories, poetry, etc., by well known authors, gives the news of the week in a readable shape. The "continued story" papers seem to ignore the publication of interesting accounts of actual occurrences and fill their columns with fiction of such a low grade as only to be sought for by the ignorant and depraved.

The American Reprint of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

The value of this work is so well known that little need be said about it. The eighth volume of the ninth edition is now being distributed on the Pacific Coast from the house of A. L. Bancroft & Co. We quote from the prospectus of the American Publishers: "This Reprint of the Encyclopædia Britannica will be in every respect, both as to text and illustration, a complete copy of the British edition. Nothing which appears in the original will be omitted here; but on the completion of this edition will be issued a supplemental volume, treating with particular fulness, from an American point of view, of subjects of special interest to people this side of the Atlantic, the contributions for which will be furnished by the best writers in America on the subjects upon which they are best qualified to treat. The American edition will, therefore, while containing all that is in the English one, be even more complete, and will contain a mass of information that will make it better worth possessing than an ordinary library, and prove an invaluable assistant to editors, lawyers, clergymen, scientists, literary men, and all others who need a thoroughly comprehensive and thoroughly reliable work of reference." So far as the work has been issued it can be safely asserted that the publishers have made good their promise. Every intelligent citizen of our country will take pride in being the owner of so valuable a work. This, no doubt, will be ranked like the American edition of Smith's Bible Dictionary, as the only edition able to satisfy the American scholar. It's cheapness places it within the reach of thousands who could have never owned the work had it not been for the enterprise of the American Publishers.

An Immense Art Sale.

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